

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.

But by bad counsels may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

Rich. Go *Bulby* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* straight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Elly* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Gouvernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Manet North. Willoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in reuenew.

Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,
Ere be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more
That speaks thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou dost speake to th' Duke of Hereford,

If it be so, out with it boldly man,

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,

Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires,

Ross. The Commons hath he pil'd with greivous taxes

And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are devis'd,

As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.

But basely yeelded vpon comprimize,

That which his Ancestors archie'd with blowes:

More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in Farme.

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Ross. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:

(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:

But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,

Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:

We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailes,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,

And vnauoyded is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,

I spie life peering: but I dare not say

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ross. Be confident to speake Northumberland,

We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I haue from *Port le Blanc*

A Bay in *Britaine*, recei'd intelligence,

That *Harry Duke of Herford*, *Ramald Lord Cobham*,

That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,

His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainsfon*,

Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quaint*,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Impe our drooping Countries broken wing,

Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,

Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,

And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,

Away with me in posture *Rauespurgh*,

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Ross. To horie, to horie, vrged doubts to them I feare.

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bulby, and Bagot.

Bulby. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,

You promis'd when you parted with the King,

To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,

And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe

I cannot do it: yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,

Sauing bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,

Some vuborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe

Is comming towards me, and my inward soule

With nothing trembles, at something it greues,

More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bulby. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows

Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:

For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,

Diuides one thing intire, to many objects,

Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon

Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,

Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie

Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,

Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,

Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes

Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,

More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,

Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule

Perfwades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,

I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,

As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,

Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

Bulby. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady,

Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd

From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something greefe,

Or something, hath the nothing that I greefe,

'Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,

But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what

I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gre. Heaven saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle-

I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*. (men)

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:

For his desires craue hast, his hast good hope,

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,

and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,

Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.

The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,

And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd

At *Rauespurgh*.

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,

The *L. Northumberland*, his yong sonne *Henrie Tercie*,

The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,

With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bulby. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland

And the rest of the reuoluted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We haue: where vpon the Earle of Worcester

Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,

And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,

And *Bullinbrook* my sorrowes dismal heyre:

Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,

And I a gasping new deliuered mother,

Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.

Bulby. Dispaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will dispaire, and be at enmitie

With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,

Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,

Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vncle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words:

Yor. Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:

Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,

Whilst others come to make him loose at home:

Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,

Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:

Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why so? go all which way it will:

The Nobler they are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will I feare reuolt on *Herfords* side.

Sir, get thee to *Plaitie* to my sister *Gloster*,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot

To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,

But I shall greene you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheffe di'de,

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes

Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?

I know not what to do: I would to heaven

(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there postes dispatcht for *Ireland*?

How shall we do for money for these warres?

Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.

Go fellow, get thee home, poude some Caris,

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you muster men?

If I know how, or which way so order these affaires

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Neuer beleue me. Both are my kinsmen,

Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath

And dutie bids defend: th'other againe

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:

Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,

Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,

And meet me presently at *Barkley Castle*:

I should to *Plaitie* too: but time will not permit,

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at six and seuen. *Exit*

Bulby. The winde fits faire for newes to go to *Ireland*,

But none returns: For vs to leuy power

Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

Gr. Besides our neerenesse to the King in loue,

Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Qu. And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue

Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bulby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then so do we,

Because we haue bene euer neere the King.

Gr. Well: I will for refuge straight to *Bristol Castle*,

The Earle of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Bulby. Thither will I with you, for little office

Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,

Except like Curres, to reare vs all in peeces:

Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Maiestie:

Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,

We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.

Qu. That's as *Yorke* thrives to beate back *Bullinbrook*

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes

Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,

Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Bulby. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to *Berkley* now?

Nor. Beleue me noble Lord,

I am a stranger heere in *Gloustershire*,

These high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waies,

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome:

And yet our faire discourse hath bene as sugar,

Make in